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# From the Court to the Kitty

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### FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.

From the court to the cottage convey me away,  
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what you call gay,  
Where pride without measure, And pomp without  
pleasure, Makes life a circle of hurry decay. Far  
remote and retired from the noise of the town, I'll ex-  
change my brocade for a plain russet gown, My friends  
shall be few, But well chosen and true, And  
sweet recreation our evening shall crown,

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,  
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,  
The river's clear brink,  
Shall afford me my drink,  
And temperance my friendly physician shall be;  
Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,  
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,  
I'll neither invoke  
Nor repine at death's stroke,  
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

### KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping, with a  
pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she  
saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled, And  
all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain. "Oh! what  
shall I do now, 'Twas looking at you now, Sure, sure such a  
pitcher I'll ne'er meet again, 'Twas the pride of my dai-  
ry, O Runney M' Cleary, you're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;  
A kiss then I gave her, before I did leave her,  
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain,  
For very soon, after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



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